

don't monkey with



The Innis Herald



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"Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's free."
-- Janis Joplin

Editorial



Once again, I am rewriting my editorial so as not to offend those people whom I would not be very wise to offend considering my post in life at the moment. This doesn't bother me: I'll just attend to them later.

I heard a bit of distressing news today and I thought that it would be good of me, as the editor of a journal dedicated to the enlightenment of all, to pass it on. Our photographer, whom we have stolen, in spirit if not in body, from the Mike, told me of plans to place the entire group of campus student publications under the thumb of one massive Orwellian editorial board that would exercise its own policy. Now, after I pulled myself off the floor and managed to regain my breath, I began to worry. It is entirely possible that an institution such as this one is capable of finding yet one more way to control its students. This is, in fact, almost inevitable, given the way things have gone over the past few years. I humbly offer a few examples:

How many people do you know who had to wait one more year before being able to get their degree because of the new emphasis placed on class size -- an emphasis ostensibly to do with Fire Marshall regulations but actually due to the fact that some of our professors don't want to teach any more of us than they have to -- because the one and only course they needed to

finish their degree was full and Big Brother couldn't or wouldn't do fuck all about it? I took two English courses -- Psychoanalysis and Literature in 1987, before all the class-size bull hit the fan, and American Fiction Since 1960, in this school year. Both courses were originally supposed to have about twenty people in each. The enrolment, much to the surprise of the profs, was in the seventies. Now, being very together professors whose love of teaching far outweighed any anal retentive sense of tenured righteousness, they both accommodated the surprising interest that the student body showed in the subject material. (The Psych & Lit prof, Kim Micasiw, has since fled to York, because the bureaucracy at this place was more than he was willing to swallow. Thus, we lost a damn good prof so that the well-oiled machine could continue spitting out numbers in amounts so large that they have to be useless.)

The problems associated with the aforementioned don't end there, however. We can't audit courses, we can't shop around so that we don't get stuck with a catatonic lump of a lecturer or a course that is as exciting as a blob of peanut butter, and if we don't get into the courses of our choice, we have to participate in lineups that stretch out for hours on end -- the whole thing looks like a set off Fritz Lang's

Metropolis -- only to find out that we have to get the yellow form signed by our registrar or the man who collects the garbage or the resident junkie before anything of any use can be done.

Sounds, not to belabour the point, like *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Well, now they want to censor us too. Doesn't matter what the constitution of the newspaper says - I'm not sure if we even have one - it, claims the powers that be, should be subject to an across-the-board editorial policy. Now, I am happy to say, the few papers that were present -- the Varsity, the Gargoyle, the New Edition, the Mike and some others -- all vehemently opposed the move. But we must not let our guard down. It can happen. We can be told what we can and cannot say. And if that happens, it will spell the end of liberal swearing and SAC-hacking in the Innis Herald, and all papers will look alike. It will mean the immediate demise of the Toike Oike. How could it function under a policy that allowed no racist, sexist or homophobic quips? I have no real love of the Toike, but I believe that it serves a purpose, one that similar papers serve on almost every campus in the world. I don't read it because I have found it to be racist, sexist filth, by and large, but I am not paying for it, I don't have to read it, and I'll be damned, frankly, if it dies because some

faceless Committee to Eliminate Naughty Words And Ideas That Poor Impressionable Students Shouldn't Have To Read decides that it's without merit and thereby useless. Its usefulness or lack thereof will be decided by its circulation numbers, not to put too fine a point on it.

Freedom of speech is a fuckin' inalienable human right, man! So watch out for the fuckin' pigs!

To continue on a tangent: I don't think that the Innis Herald has a constitution or an editorial policy, and I guess if anyone knew, it would be me, because I'm the editor. This paper has always used for its guidance in deciding policy good old horse sense. Thus, the situation that I feel brewing regarding the writing of articles for the Herald is starting to piss me off, because I think that it's due to the idea that this paper is run entirely on the whimsy of the editor.

I notice, *par exemple*, that we don't have any sports articles or ICSS articles for the Herald again, and I would like to draw attention to the well-known fact that the Herald is the one and only forum for the students of Innis College. If you're bothering to read this, you are undoubtedly an Innis student, and thus I address **YOU**, Mr/Ms/Mrs. student of this great and grating institution: you have a responsibility to write what you've got to say,

unless its incurably boring or stupid. I'll point out something else: this paper tends to fall into the hands of small groups of people who define what it's about and who, from the outside, could be seen as cliques. "I'm not going to write blah-blah-blah for the Herald, cause all they ever write about is experimental film" or "how bad U2 is" or "weird philosophical stuff". That's stupid, putting it mildly, because it isn't true. This has always been an open forum for anyone who wants to put something in, and no "small group of people" has ever really infringed on that. Now, if you're just pissed off or just can't be bothered, that's your problem and its one that will probably drive you into the grave ultimately, because it means that you are basically lethargic and stupid and will be about many things much more important, if it's possible, than our glittering Innis Herald. I've almost never seen an article that was at all well-written not make it into the Herald, and I've seen a lot of really badly written articles make it onto our shining pages. The Innis Herald will print all the news that's fit to print, which in this case means that if it can be printed, it'll fit. Take this editorial, for example.

Keith Denning

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The Innis Herald

January/February 1990, Volume 24, Issue 4
The paper that's fun to read and is high in fibre, too.

Editor

Keith Denning: Editor-in-Chief
Blitz: Assistant Editor
Steve Gravestock: Film Editor
Rick Campbell: Theatre Editor
Braz: Poetry Editor
Jim DesRoches: Photography

Contributors

Ace, John Anderson, @ry, Blitz, Braz
Rick Campbell, Cheri, Igor Czegledy
Keith Denning, Steve Gravestock, Daniel Hill
Imre Juurlink, Lucetta, Michelle Kano
Mo of the Land of Happy, Brian Morgante
Odin & Warren, Jim Shedden, J. Anthony Steidman
Karen Sumner, Bart Testa, Tombstone, Art Wilson

This paper is completely biodegradable and consists wholly of 100% recycled materials, which means that there are about two molecules of Julius Caesar in this paper, so if you don't like it to read it, like it just because of its historical import.

In Defense of Hummel

Dear editor:

I am very disturbed by the treatment that Prof. Hummel has received since he was accused of sexual harassment last summer. I agree that this sort of crime is abominable. However, I feel that the facts have been distorted by the emotional, knee-jerk reaction to it. I believe that students are not as closed-minded to the issue as other segments of society and will be responsive to the infusion of some important considerations.

If a man is prone to leering at women surely it would become evident before his 60th year. In the two decades that I have known Richard (Hummel) he has never exhibited any trace of this perversion. Both of my daughters have visited the Hummel homestead on numerous occasions and they have never voiced any complaints about him or any other member of his family. I have consulted other parents in our neighbourhood and none of them have anything negative to say about him.

This charge has deeply hurt the Hummels. Some of the events at the trial only added salt to their wounds. One witness claimed that Richard stared at her breasts while swimming on his back. The human beings that I am familiar with would find this a most remarkable feat indeed! Finally, any trial that would not let the defendant call important character witnesses has to be biased. In this trial Richard was prevented from calling female swimmers who supported him.

I believe that it is very important for anyone who holds an opinion on this case to research the facts. We should not allow our minds to be manipulated by blatantly biased reporting or hearsay evidence.

Sincerely,
Mrs. D. O. Jeejeebhoy

The Nineties's -- impending doom?

Dear Herald:

Now that it's the nineties, how can you expect to compete with the millions of other news services out there in the world?

Concerned Reader

Dear lobotomy guinea pig,

We have never competed; we have never been a news service; we are perfectly content to ignore the rest of the world, and that certainly includes anyone who would ask as asinine a question as you did.

The editor

The Innis Herald has an open letter policy. All letters must be signed and must be free of racist, agist, xenophobic, sexist, homophobic and/or terminally stupid content. Opinions expressed in letters, as in all submissions to the Herald, are attributable only to the authors. No liability can be assumed by the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or the publisher. Go put that in your pipe and smoke it.



And I'll call down thunder and speak the same,
and my work fills the sky with flame.
And might and glory gonna be my name.
And men gonna light my way.



Disgruntled

To the Editor:

Why don't you print any sports articles anymore? Have you guys gone all artfag on us or something?

Disgruntled Jock

The editor replies:

No. You just haven't written any articles this year.

Disgruntled Editor

Even More Disgruntled

Dear Innis Herald:

As an aspiring student politician, I am disheartened to see the absence of articles on and by the ICSS and other organs of the student body. We trust that the situation will be remedied in the very near future. After all, you're funded by us.

Disgruntled ICSS Member

Dear D.I.M.,

Yes, we are funded by you, for which all five of our readers are eternally grateful. However, we do not write articles about things which we know nothing about unless we think we can get away with it. In light of that, we have left it up to you to write articles for the Herald on the happenings in the ICSS, and unfortunately, we haven't got many. So we didn't print many. We at the Herald also hope that this situation will be rectified quickly, despite our radical Marxist leanings.

Disgruntled editor

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The Truth Comes Out

Dear Herald Editor:

Who the hell writes all these godawful letters to the editor?

Herald Editor

Dear Herald Editor:

I do, mostly.

Herald Editor

Confused

To Keith,

Why are there so many editors?

Confused

Confused:

Yes you are. If there are so many editors, why don't I ever see any of them?

Editor

Игор Анн'т А Хаппи Цампер

To the Edituro:

It is come to be known that the cashier of Rick is to leave his to work. This is to great shame for all of you. Of the problem, it is to be sure, not the loss of a friend, for Rick is to be seen within the Pub, often. Or is it not for the loss to be of the music of the Grateful Dead for they did do Hamilton at the March 20th and/or 21st. (I have not got the tickets, from which I do mailorder yet.) Or is it to be, how say, commendable on him of the replacement of three people to do his job. for sure, there is to be socialist achievement of the superworker. But which is to be happening there at Innis? for Rick is to be a member of the Worker's Vanguard Union. Ah! U of T! Replacing one to be unionworker with three nonmembers. This is to be a problem.

Yours in proletarian
brotherhood,
Igor Czegledy
(New Herald Albanian
Correspondent)

Innis Ages Gracefully

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Jim Shedden

Well, it's finally over. November 4, 1989 marked the end of the year-long 25th anniversary celebrations and fundraising campaign. The closing was marked by a Monte Carlo Night and champagne party. The first Monte Carlo Night at Innis in three years, this was also the most successful one ever, attracting the largest, most spirited crowd of gamblers ever seen at Innis (if you discount the infamous crap ring that used to gamble after-hours in the "Pinball Room"). In attendance at the event were several Innis alumni, students, staff, ex-staff, and friends of the College. Big spenders in the crowd included Dave Clegg, a UC grad but *de facto* Innis alumnus, Dave Morris (Innis student), John Kirkness (an advisor the Provost and French professor who is resident at Innis College) who didn't actually gamble, but encouraged others to sin with offers of free "wagers", Sheila O'Reilly (Innis 1986), and Mary Sawicki (who won the grand prize in our raffle). Simon Cotter was conspicuous by his absence.

Because of the irrational, bizarre, and downright oppressive Ontario government regulations, the "Roulette" games promised in the last *Alumni Newsletter* could not be played. Instead, patrons could choose between Blackjack or Crown and Anchor. Thankfully, the impotent fireworks demonstration which opened the campaign on November 5, 1988 (Harold Innis' birthday and Guy Fawkes Day) was not repeated.

The College's goal of raising \$100,000 was surpassed. In the last issue of the *Alumni Newsletter* we reported that "that figure will almost certainly grow to \$150,000 by the deadline." On November 4, though, Audrey Perry reported that we had raised a quarter of a million dollars. That figure now sits at \$260,000.

The celebration end of the campaign consisted of a string of successful events, including the Auction on opening night, the Masquerade Ball, Spring Brunch, a barbecue (and raffle), and a film night with Ron Mann.

The big fundraising push is now for residence "extras". Innis will be getting a new residence but the budget is so tight that it is

necessary for us to raise funds to make the place more liveable. Of course, money is still needed for scholarships and other College projects, so one should not feel that the residence is the only show in town. Donations can always be, and often are, specified for specific purposes.



Residence Update

Art Wilson

Though no ground has been broken, work is proceeding on the new Innis multi-faculty residence. The basic form has now been approved by the College Council.

The residence will take the form of five houses arranged in a horseshoe around a central quad. A management office, in a separate building completes the quad.

The buildings are four storeys high. There are 190 rooms in total, 150 of which are singles. The design calls for 46 beds per house. Some rooms on the first floors will be designed so as to be suitable for disabled persons.

As stated above, only the basic form of the design has been decided. Debate at the November 28th Council meeting, where the design was approved, showed that

the task is far from complete. Concern was shown over the nature of bathroom and cooking facilities, the lack of disabled access to upper floors, the desirable percentage of double rooms, etc.

The current estimated cost for this design is \$10,282,345.74. However, despite the seemingly Spock-like accuracy of this figure, as John Browne noted at council, this is a very rough estimate and will likely be revised (either up or down) as the final design begins to emerge.

The process is continuing. The College Residence Advisory Committee will continue to meet, as will the Residence Users Committee (a multi-constituent group). It is expected that the administrative spearheading of the project will continue to come from John Browne and Garry Spencer.



Don't forget the Annual
Innis Family Brunch
Sunday, April 22, 1990
11:30 - 1:00
Innis College Pub
RSVP: Audrey Perry: 978-4332
or Jim Shedden: 978-7790.



\$Win\$ \$Cash\$ \$For\$ \$Art!!\$

Innis College will pay \$400 for the best visual rendering of the College. The rendering is to be used for a print for the Innis College Recognition Award winners (awarded to graduating students on the basis of academic achievement and contribution to College life.)

The Admissions, Awards & Counselling Committee will consider all submissions. Work most suitable for a limited edition print will be given highest priority.

Deliver submissions to: Sarah White, Moderator, Admissions, Awards & Counselling Committee (c/o Room 131) no later than 5 pm, March 15, 1990.



Nattering Nabobs of Negativism Speak Up

Mo

"SAC is power! Yaknowwaddafmean?" says the crazed anti-zionist sitting across from me in the Pit at Innis College who looked pretty confused and will probably end up killing himself.

"Zionists are like the NAZIS!" says the crazed anti-zionist sitting across from me in the Robart's Library cafeteria wearing hip glasses and looking pretty intelligent and will probably end up killing himself.

"Jacks are the best!" says the xxxx girl playing cards with her other xxxx-xxxxxx friends who sit all afternoon in the Innis Cafe and talk about the times when their parents found out they smoked.

Ain't university great -- listening to all those people talk endlessly about their useless lives in school, at home, problems with parents?!

"This music's giving me a headache," says the xxxx-xxxx Italian girl sitting beside me in the Innis Cafe who talks incessantly to her two other xxxx-xxxxxx who just listen, unable to put in their two cents' worth.

"He could be rich by 28!" says the fat chick with a birth mark under her chin and just one long eyebrow who talks incessantly like all the rest of them 'bout things she thinks are important like money, money, money.

"What's the deal with all these people?" says the stupid-looking guy with stupid looking hair, faded three-year-old jeans and sneakers who sits in the Innis Cafe drinking beer, smoking cigarettes and writing 'bout things happening.

Ain't university great -- listening to all those people talk endlessly about their useless lives in school, at home, problems with parents?!

Ain't school great having to hang around with all these people, having to sit beside them, having to smell their expensive perfumes, having to listen to the noise coming out of their mouths when they ask questions in class, having to see them in their artsy clothes bought just to impress the artfag who sits across from them in their film class, having to see their shoulder-length hair neatly tied into pony tail, or their beautiful wavy blond hair, having to see these people in \$300 leather jackets and their ripped jeans, and their peace earrings, and their 'save the earth' buttons, having to listen to all these cool gals, and all these hip dudes! Hey man, ain't university great!

-- Mo of the Land of Happy

Note to the editor: either put this in the Herald as it is, or don't put it in at all. I submitted an article for the last issue of the Herald, at the beginning it was human shit, but the editor chopped it up so much that it turned into rabbit shit.

(The editor speaks: I took the liberty of correcting some of the more appalling grammatical and stylistic errors in your article, as I do with all pieces submitted to this paper. I also removed some of the racist and just plain hateful remarks that you made, as the Innis Herald has a policy of not printing letters or articles that are terminally stupid or that select a particular minority group for a tirade. Since



you by and large did not select a minority to rail against, but rather chose most everybody in the university community, we had no problem in that respect in printing your article. However, the primary reason that this piece of shit is getting printed is so that the people you offended may read it and have a chance to properly roast you. I personally would like nothing more than to immediately respond to this article of yours, however, the Herald also has a policy of not criticizing an article in the same issue as it is printed, as this is patently unfair. So you will appreciate that this is not a criticism, just an invitation for anyone who wishes to respond to this slanderous piece of peevish supercilious trash in kind to do so. Letters to the editor may be submitted either to me directly, or to Room 305 at Innis. Just slide it under the door. Hope to hear from you people. May I suggest an article from someone on how great university is when you have to deal with people who despise their own existence? -- Ed.)



How to Live Your Life

Ace

My, my hasn't there been a load of invective this new year surrounding gay people and homophobia and (in case you're not up on the latest jargon of the new right) -- 'homophobiaphobia'? Well, now it's time for me to add my trash to the pile.

(I will try not to be too camp because I know how much you strayt people hate it and how the political correctness police will arrest me on charges of self-hatred (please I hope I'm not setting the revolution back ten years with this), but sometimes it can be so much fun to throw some mock-filled shit at the oppressors who take themselves ever so seriously...)

It's basically in response to all these silly letters in the Varsity from scared strayt people as well as the absolutely horrendous things they write on the Innis bathroom stalls (and if you're thinking of making any cute statements about what was I doing in the washroom, don't even bother kid cause I was shitting and that's all.)

Point number 1: you are all wrong, and you should keep this in mind throughout your whole lives as long as you continue to have homophobic (or any other hate-filled) views.

Some people think all gays are AIDS-ridden, this horrible redneck view is probably one of the most hateful death-wishes you could ascribe to anyone. Mean and just plain not true, very nice and very mean strayt people have got this stuff too (and don't even try to tell me it's from gay people because it ain't, just try to remember the stuff is also spread by unclean hypodermic needles.)

Point number 2: Some strayt people suggested that gay people should be sent off to Vancouver Island so that strayt people can carry out their lives on the mainland. Other than being a totally ridiculous suggestion it is in fact just plain stoop-ed. I'm sure there are already many gay people on Vancouver Island, but I think that many of the strayt people that live there would be upset about having to leave such a beautiful place to join the angry people who made them leave in the first place. A better suggestion might be (get this now cause it might be a hard one for some of you to comprehend): co-exist peacefully. This is pretty much what goes on now until some people decide that they have to go

and beat up gays just for the very fact that they exist. In fact, being about ninety percent of the population, strayt people are not doing so well in terms of violent crimes in general on their supposed 'own kind'.

Which brings me to point 3: What exactly is so reprehensible about gays and lesbians? That they enjoy being intimate, loving, and omigod touching each other? Believe you me, gay people do not go out trying to make strayt people have sex with them. Why would we when we have so many lovable and good-looking people of our own to love and enjoy? What could possibly be so scary about being touched by a member of the same sex? In other cultures (and I'm thinking China, Korea, Japan here) quite a lot of amiable body contact goes on with members of the same sex (and here I mean a friendly arm over the shoulder or even holding hands) without people freaking out (they actually freak out when it's members of the opposite sex that do the touching). My point here is that this fear of being touched is merely cultural, a complete illusion, physical friendliness does not kill! So don't freak! Sure you may not like it, I'm not expecting you to, just don't go beating people up for it. And as for hared of anyone doing anything any more intimate than an arm around the shoulder (i.e. oh you'd probably just die if i mentioned something like butt-fucking or lesbian tribadism -- you'll have to look that one up), no one is going to approach you if you make it clear you are not interested (and believe me it takes very little to scare away a gay person cause we're wary of situations that could lead to gay-bashing). So what are you scared of? Methinks (and not just methinks -- wethinks) it is some fear you've got about physical intimacy with a member of the same sex. "It's unnatural!" you cry. I know many many people who would argue the opposite. So who's right? could it be that the two can actually live together peacefully? We've kept up our end of the bargain by not trying to fuck you, perhaps you could keep up your end of the bargain by not physically and verbally abusing and oppressing us? No one is trying to get you to be gay, you either are or you aren't and nothing will change that.

Point four: someone mentioned that "we (i.e. strays) should stop paying so much attention to them

(i.e. blessed and beloved gays and lesbians everywhere) cause they don't deserve it." Well that I agree with in part, the part that thinks that gays and lesbians are a big deal, we're not. You are taking this all toooo see-rce-yus-lee. The only part you need to take seriously is that you're hating people, oppressing them, and physically emotionally, and mentally abusing them. This you can stop.

Perhaps I too have taken these letters and washroom graffiti all too seriously and I am just waving a flag of 'homophobiaphobia' (can you believe anybody thought up a word like that?) (Can you believe that anybody thought up a word like 'strayt'? -- ed.) I think not, that anybody could be so hate-filled is mind-boggling to me (but then, perhaps, I need a reality check.)

Ok, so I'm going to try and bring this lengthy diatribe to a close. Let's review: 1) You are wrong; 2) We do not need to be moved off somewhere, we can live together peacefully; 3) Stop abusing us physically, verbally, mentally, anyway-ly; and 4) Don't take this issue so bloody seriously (i.e. If this piece of writing has gotten you in any way upset, you are taking it too seriously.)

And point five is that anyone is welcome to our wonderful club that meets on Mondays at 1 in the Innis Pub (oh yes we're here! Now don't start freaking and thinking we're trying to take over the pub, it's the world we're after so that we can make it all much more aesthetically pleasing), we're the ones that look exactly like everyone else (there are even strayt people who eat with us!)

I must conclude that thankfully not all strays are like this, some of my best friends are strayt (how could there not be, there are so many of them). Hell, all may housemates are strayt and they haven't beaten me up once -- see, friends, there's hope yet.

So, take care, love one another, eat less meat, recycle things, use condoms and water-based lubricant, and follow the above easy-to-follow instructions.

Take care,
Lots of love and hugs
Ace, the happy lovebunny from Planet Earth.



Ha ha ha ha - I'm back. Denning doesn't know that I'm doing this, and hopefully I'll be able to slip it in during layout.
Look, Mo, I like you, but you're seriously fucked in the head. What the fuck are you and what are you doing with your life that gives you the authority to rain abuse on the heads of almost everybody, including lots of my friends? I mean, without seeming personal, have you done anything more with your life than bitch about the new Jesus and Mary Chain album? Doubtful. It's a real big world, and even Innis ain't that small, and

nobody agrees with anybody on anything anymore, and that's great, cause it means that when I give you feedback -- as I do a lot more easily in my old age -- I can place and listen to godawful atonal pseudo-intellectual neoclassical shit that sounds like someone let a fucking cat run across the keyboard. I mean, variety is the spice of life, right? So stop being such a pretentious dickhead and

open up your mind. You're not an idiot, just terminally patronising. (By the way, just to show that there's no hard feelings, yer next Red Baron is on me.) (Oh ya - I did cut a lot of your last article because a lot of it was redundant and dull. Love 'n' kisses, Blitz.)

ARTS

BEST FLICKS OF 1989! 6

Steve Gravestock

The late 80's will (hopefully) be remembered as a vintage era for mainstream narrative cinema. Something interesting or worthwhile seemed to appear virtually every week. Genuine masterpieces may have been few and far between, but there were so many good films that this hardly mattered.

Changes in market conditions contributed substantially to this rampant quality. Audiences behaved unpredictably (misbehaved if you were working in a studio's marketing department or an executive), avoiding the big-budget extravaganzas and tawdry genres that meant sure box-office success in the late 70's and for most of the 80's. Sci-fi films, for example, have practically disappeared as have teen comedies and slasher films. (In 1989, *The Abyss* and *Leviathan* fared terribly and the most recent Freddy flick was a huge financial disappointment. Teen sex comedies had an average run of about a week.) Though big-budget stuff still grabs the lion's share of the market, smaller, more marginal efforts now have the opportunity to succeed, sometimes far beyond anyone's expectations. (In the last couple years, off-the-wall stuff like *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, *Beetlejuice*, and *Heathers* earned significant audiences; modest films like *Look Who's Talking* outgrossed expensive, high-profile stuff like *Ghostbusters II*.) Independent production companies -- which generally have more faith in their artists and better working relationships -- began to cut in on the majors. In retrospect, Hemdale's *Platoon* was a harbinger, despite its obvious aesthetic weaknesses. Home video didn't kill the industry as some predicted; instead, it guaranteed that less commercial products could earn an audience even if they disappeared unceremoniously when they were initially released. If Stuart Gordon's films made any money, they had to earn them through video rentals since most never got into theatres. All of this adds up to less control for studio heads and marketing people and that has to be a good thing.

The only drawback is that the art-house audience has dwindled incredibly, which makes the future look really dim for traditional art films. On the other hand, allegedly weird or difficult artists like David Lynch and Fred Schepisi didn't do too badly when they got bigger budgets and decent releases.

Artists have changed as well, becoming more commercially responsible. Oddly enough, they've improved artistically too. Directors seem less egomaniacal probably as a result of huge, expensive disasters like *Blade Runner*, *Heaven's Gate*, *Cotton Club* and *One From the Heart*, all made by infamous egomaniacs. Obviously, one wouldn't want to deny artists expensive, fantasy projects that they've been thinking about for years but who really wants another *Cotton Club*? Artists have begun to take on more

modest projects or work in more commercial genres. Working in commercial genres doesn't necessarily cripple an artist; prior to Romanticism -- or rather the lame-brained boho hegemony that claims it and other related movements as inspiration (while cleverly concealing evidence of any awareness of them or their historical place) -- originality wasn't the only principle a work of art could be judged on and established genres often give an artist more rather than less freedom. Keats et al were well versed in a variety of traditional forms. Besides, who says they have to take them seriously.

In many ways, the 1989 crop was the best of the decade. Best of lists are necessarily provisional and polemical. (Otherwise they wouldn't be any fun.) The first film listed is the one I considered the best and the rest come in no real order.



Casualties of War: As someone pointed out in the Village Voice, De Palma's masterpiece is the only American movie about Vietnam where the Vietnamese are even considered. In the film, the abduction, rape and murder of a Vietnamese girl by four soldiers -- accompanied by one reluctant, helpless onlooker -- serves as a complex symbol for the war's effect on the Vietnamese as well as the Americans' political and moral confusion. The film is a direct repudiation of Stone's *Platoon* credo. According to Stone, the war justified extreme acts and even nihilism. According to De Palma and screenwriter David Rabe (plus Daniel Lang who wrote the article the film is based on), the constant threat of death makes the moral connotations of one's actions more rather than less significant. At the same time, *Casualties* avoids simplistic moralism; it carefully details how and why Meserve -- who conceives of the rape and forces the others to go along -- deteriorates. In this way, it's probably the only truly political film about the war. Watching the film, you experience the same kind of emotions that you feel when you watch great tragedy: Woolf's remark about Aeschylus applies here. I can't recall the quote but it had something to do with having your skin pulled off.

Peking Opera Blues: Tsui Hark's kung-fu opera is all colour and motion with a parodistic, post-modernist edge. He's Spielberg or better yet, George Miller plus irony. A lot of the background will be unfamiliar to Western audiences -- well, I was lost -- but the comedy and the frantic love of action will be invigoratingly universal. Hark is

nearest in sensibility to Almodovar only he uses kung-fu and action films as a starting point instead of melodrama. Next to Almodovar, Hark is the most original talent working in movies today. (Semi-alert readers may notice that I appear to be contradicting myself. So what. Last week someone told me consistency was boring.)

Miracle Mile: Steve de Jarnett is a born mainstream filmmaker. This film has wit, rhythm and energy. Happily, he's not infatuated with pyrotechnics and focuses on performers (especially Anthony Edwards who does some unexpectedly fine work here). Don't be put off by people calling it a cautionary film about nuclear war; it's not at all that dreary. P.S.: Don't read any reviews (except maybe mine); almost all of them give away the ending and a viewer's enjoyment of the film

depends on his or her uncertainty regarding its outcome.

The Fabulous Baker Boys: Steve Kloves' slow, moody fantasy resembles Towne's *Tequila Sunrise* (only without the enervated atmosphere). As in

Towne's film, the central characters are riffs on movie roles. The film glides along dreamily, suavely, almost as non-comically as its hero, a frustrated jazz pianist playing at self-destruction and disillusionment. It's a lot more observant though.

Prancer: Simultaneously fevered and distant, this film bears less resemblance to *ET* -- its obvious commercial inspiration -- than to Reed's *A Kid for Two Farthings* or De Sica's *The Children are Watching Us*. Director John Hancock and screenwriter Greg Taylor get right into their heroine's plight -- she's a young girl whose mother has recently died -- without sacrificing an adult's perspective. This only makes the film more heartbreaking. Hancock's work here has the polished, amateurish quality of Satyijay Ray's classic *The Home and the World*.

Batman: Tim Burton's mega-hit differs considerably from other big-budget films; it has a curious unresolved, brooding character. (Normally, films this expensive make everything painfully obvious.) The film lacks depth and neither the director nor the writer (Samm Hann) display any strong sense of dramatic structure but there are weird, creepy flourishes that rock of German Expressionism and deft comic bits. Burton is like a cartoon David Lynch.

Parents: Bob Balaban's film about a kid's revulsion for his parents -- particularly their carnivorous tendencies -- resembles *Prancer*, only Balaban's film is unsettling rather than somber. Essentially, Balaban's unoriginal --

he's a less vivid version of David Lynch -- but he picks a great model. (Despite the fact that Lynch didn't release anything this year he was still the most influential filmmaker.)

Say Anything: Cameron Crowe's lower middle-class white boy's fantasy was a surprise hit and deservedly so. It features fine performances (especially Cusack and Taylor), nicely observed moments and some genuinely witty dialogue. It has some obvious structural and thematic flaws and it's not exactly profound but it's so enjoyable, who cares?

Vampire's Kiss: Robert Bierhman's film -- from Robert Minion's script -- is even more unsettling than Balaban's *Parents*. It focuses on a yuppie Don Juan's rejection-induced insanity: when a conquest abandons him he thinks he's become a vampire. The film borders on ugliness -- it really drags the main character unsympathetically over the coals -- but it says more about yuppie narcissism than anything else I've seen.

True Believer: Director Joseph Ruben and screenwriter Wesley Strick have furnished a beautifully overwrought film, as befits any film that features James Woods in the central role. They use the intensity for a purpose though. It's probably the most gleefully subversive film in a long while. (Maybe not that long. I forgot about Almodovar.) It's two-thirds of the way through the film before you realize that you don't really care whether Woods' client is innocent; you want him out too.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Some Call Him Moloch

Arty

Consider that you are being manipulated on a constant basis. The media decides what is newsworthy and in its coverage, relies on their own point of view. Politicians you vote for freeze you out of the decision-making process, perpetuating your dependence on them. Economic systems require you to sell yourself for a price, so that the basis of your livelihood is prostitution. The educational system is based on coercion and uniformity. The grind of classes and monotonous homework, of rigid curriculums, and the authoritarian design of classes all conspire. Socially, you may be at the beck and call of others who have only their own interests at stake. People may seek to control your behaviour, ransom your

emotions, fuck up your mind and your body. Psychologically, your very own thought processes may be as unreal as you think them not to be. Note the effects of sugar on your personality, or coffee, or Jolt. What does cholesterol do?

In a complex world-web all these things affect and reinforce each other. If you like it, that's your problem. If you are wise to this ongoing state of affairs, and need some guidance, here are some things that you could do to ensure your survival:

- 1) pack your own lunch;
- 2) switch TV shows at commercials and never return to them;
- 3) lie to Gallup polls;
- 4) vote for the quadruped of your choice at election time;
- 5) remember nothing's true, especially when people talk about



other people;

6) stay at home and skip lectures; make up your own mind about Plato and forget about Alan Bloom;

7) make friends with a schizophrenic today;

8) don't shop if they can catch you; dabble in credit card fraud, implicating your enemies;

9) form your own religion;

10) lie to those who deserve it;

11) write articles only for unprincipled student rags that receive money from the student body, and consequently represent no-one but themselves. Yah!

"Ye shall reap what ye shall sow." -- not U2.

More Flicks from 1989!

7

Brian Morgante

Film of the Year: *Let's Get Lost*. A film about beauty and the most beautiful film of the year, *Let's Get Lost* has had difficulty finding an audience because of its documentary label. Though in the intensity of its imagery his film rivals *Blue Velvet*, Bruce Weber has been denied due recognition by all but his fiercest critics -- those totalitarian liberals at the Village Voice who deride him as a "clone" of Leni Riefenstahl (another photographer/director and the only woman who merits inclusion in the pantheon of great directors). A case could be made for Weber as the single most influential artist of the 80's: the revolutions he has wrought in fashion photography, the transition to lifestyle ads, emphasizing male aesthetics, the return to black and white and the phenotypical triumph of the aristocratic ideal, have all spilled over to the other arts. In movies, from 1979 to 1989, the phenotypical change alone has meant the difference between seeing Linda Manz or P.J. Soles and Molly Ringwald or Martha Plimpton, Mark Hamill or Dennis Christopher and River Phoenix or the Baldwin brothers (in pornography, the transformation is

from Jack Wrangler to Jeff Stryker, with no noticeable change on the staff side). Perhaps Weber's (rumored) next film project, a feature about the life of fashion editor Diana Vreeland, will alert critics and viewers to his talent. If not, there is still more art in a Calvin Klein ad than in any of Terry Gilliam's fantasies.

Porn Star of the Year: Jeff Stryker. For hardcore videos shaped as romantic myths, for introducing audiences to his brother, "the Canadian Rich Stryker," and for proving that -- contrary to the case of Michael Moore -- thickness need not be a liability in a film star!

Best Merchandising: "The Jeff Stryker Cock and Balls" (molded from the original and marketed with the slogan, "These balls move when squeezed.")

Best Actor: Morgan Freeman for *Lean on Me*, *Driving Miss Daisy*, a vivid supporting work in *Johnny Handsome* and *Glory*. Other contenders: Matt Dillon for *Drugstore Cowboy*, Daniel Day-Lewis for *My Left Foot*, James Woods for *True Believer* and Tom Hanks for *Turner and Hooch*.

Best Actress: Isabella Rossellini for *Cousins*. "Soft as she is, she's got a collarbone like Garbo's" -- Pauline Kael. Along with Madonna in *Bloodhounds of Broadway*, Rossellini poses the greatest threat to the Method hegemony. The irony is that, by adding sexual mystery to their roles instead of sterile realist interpretations, these goddesses are much, much more relevant to the times. Runner-up is Michelle Pfeiffer for *The Fabulous Baker Boys* whose chief asset is her ability to blend the two acting styles mentioned.

Cleavage of the Year was provided by the white strapless dress Dolly Parton wore to the premiere of *Steel Magnolias*. (It made tabloid covers on five continents.)

Action Star of the Year: Jean-Claude Van Damme (for *Cyborg* and *Kickboxer*, European made films shaped for North American audiences). Unlike the large-scale vehicles of Stallone or Schwarzenegger, those designed for J.C. VD retain a human dimension. Eschewing the high-tech firepower of bigger-budget films, martial arts champ Van Damme uses only his body -- a body so well conditioned you can crack eggs on his buttocks -- when meting out justice to the villainous. The result is a Boys' Life fantasy atmosphere so heady and pure that in *Kickboxer*, J.C. VD doesn't even have a girlfriend (it's his brother that's imperiled).

Ten Best (starting with #1 and then in no particular order):

Let's Get Lost
Casualties of War
Drugstore Cowboy
True Believer
Life Lessons (Scorsese segment from *New York Stories*)
Fabulous Baker Boys
My Left Foot
Miracle Mile
Enemies: A Love Story
Bloodhounds of Broadway

Ten Worst:
Her Alibi
Troop Beverly Hills
Pink Cadillac
Speed Zone
See No Evil, Hear No Evil
Rude Awakening
Let it Ride
UHF
Second Sight
Roger and Me

Other Good Films of Note:
The Dressmaker, Agnes Varda's *Kung Fu Master*, the Czech animated version of *Alice*, Stephen Shellen in *Damned River*, Tim Quill in the enjoyable *Listen to Me*, the George Miller-produced *Dead Calm*, and *Leviathan*, which was much better than *The Abyss*.

Also: *Look Who's Talking*, where a slim but solid premise was so fully realized that John Harkness dismissed it as "good premise, rotten execution."

***Loverboy*:** A funny bedroom farce that becomes stylized character comedy thanks to astute casting and the real feeling with which director Joan Micklin Silver suffuses the film.

Black Film of the Year: *Lean on Me*. The difference between *Lean on Me* and *Do the Right Thing* is the difference between induction and deduction. *Lean on Me* is about black people in a political situation: how best to ease the social pathologies arising from the troubled experience of ghetto blacks. Joe Clark, played by Morgan Freeman, takes drastic action and we are free to respond anyway we like. The blacks in *Do the Right Thing* are abstract, and so is the issue -- racism. With the problem located beyond any specific actions, it is no surprise that the film is unable to offer any solution (blacks and whites simply cannot get along, no explanation provided). Underclass anger is joined to moral superiority in stasis, and the audience is trapped -- if you don't respond to Spike Lee's 'vision', you are left open to the vague charge of racism. The film is only one step away from black national socialism.

Really Well Directed Pictures though the material was of variable quality (i.e. watch for the director's next couple of pictures, he's on a roll): John Frankenheimer (*Dead Bang*), John Hancock (*Prancer*), Roger Spottiswoode (*Turner and Hooch*), Amy Heckerling (*Look Who's Talking*), Bob Balaban (*Parents*), Malcolm Mowbray (*Out Cold*), Eric Rohmer (*Boyfriends and Girlfriends*), Ted Kotcheff (for what he managed to do with *Weekend at Bernie's*, not for *Winter People*), John Flynn (*Lock-up* and before that *Bestseller*), Jonathon Chechik (*National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation*).

Promising Projects Ruined by Terrible Directors (i.e. Watch out, he may get worse): Nick Casle (*Tap*), Mary Lambert (*Pet Sematary*), Pat O'Connor (*The January Man*), Hugh (*Lost Angels*), Jim McBride (*Great Balls of Fire*), Michael Anderson (*Millennium*), the late Franklin J. Schaffner (*Welcome Home*),

Roland Joffe (*Fat Man and Little Boy*), Herbert Ross (*Steel Magnolias*).

Worst Director of the Year: Susan Seidelman. Not only did she destroy two very promising projects, *Cookie* and *She-Devil*, she single-handedly ended Emily Lloyd's career (after Cher saw *Cookie*, Lloyd lost her co-starring role in the upcoming *Mermaids* to Winona Ryder), soured the public on Roseanne Barr (who hopefully will recover) and has probably frightened Meryl Streep away from comedies (which is what she should have been doing all along). Would it be ungentlemanly to point out that the only person to have survived (and even come off well) a



Seidelman flick is Madonna, who has also triumphed by validating all of Mary Lambert's bad ideas in their videos together (this year's *Like a Prayer*)?

Best Advertising: The near pornographic photo of a yellow-suited Dennis Quaid bent over a piano in *Great Balls of Fire*. With no fat on his body to soften the outline of his musculature, Quaid's taut trousers prove he possesses the most prominent puckerhole in movies today. (That's Dennis Quaid HAS, Michael Moore IS ...)

Most Promising New Director: Gus Van Sant, Jr. Van Sant's background includes stunts in painting, TV commercials and photography but no time in film school, so he has ideas as well as skill. (I'm thinking of Soderbergh.) Best of all, his ideas and taste run to the seamier side of life -- if you want to know more, examine Bruce Weber's photograph of Van Sant in the December issue of *Interview* magazine. Keep watching for Van Sant's first feature, the \$25,000 16mm *Mala Noche*, and for his next project, *My Own Private Idaho*. The other most notable breakthroughs this year were Jim Sheridan (*My Left Foot*), the late Howard Brookner (*Bloodhounds of Broadway*), plus Steve Kloves (*FB*) as a director, and Steve de Jarnett (*Miracle Mile*) getting a film released.

Best Editing: Anne V. Coates, whose rhythmic clipping of the shots enabled viewers to sit through Milius' *Farewell to the King*. Runners-up: George

Bowers for *True Believer* (best editor's cameo) and Thelma Schoonmaker's work on *Life Lessons*.

Most Encouraging Developments in Movies: 1) Producers acceding to Tom Hanks' demand that Henry Winkler be fired from directing *Turner and Hooch*; 2) the replacement of Klaus Maria Brandauer by Sean Connery in the forthcoming *Ilunni for Red October*; 3) the spectacular success of *Honey, I Shrank the Kids*, though Stuart Gordon was fired three weeks prior to shooting, traces of the legendary director's sensibility remain, in the title and in the set design, cast, story, and the script he prepared.

Most Discouraging Developments: 1) Scorsese presenting a medal of achievement to that overbearing bore Stan Brakhage. The only alternative filmmaker to influence Scorsese is Kenneth Anger, a romantic whose films also fuse sex, rock'n'roll and violence (but in pop fantasy, so no one gives him medals); 2) the death of Sergio Leone, as he was about to embark upon his \$70 million siege of Stalingrad epic (had he not secured the financing for this project, his death would be merely sad instead of depressing).

Miscellaneous: Did anyone else notice that *Back to the Future Part II* was better than the original? That *Prancer* was one of the most adult movies of the year (almost impossible for a child to comprehend)? That the likely first casualty of the events in Eastern Europe is Canada's largest film venture to date, the still to be released *Bethune* which has as its hero a cynical, boozing communist doctor? That Bryan Adams' "When the Night Comes," sung by Joe Cocker, was the best element of *An Innocent Man* while Adams' brief cameo was the second best thing in Eastwood's *Pink Cadillac*? (Randy Travis' "Card-Carryin' Fool" was the best.)

Shelved But Not Forgotten: Rosi's *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, Nicholas Campbell in Friedkin's *Rampage*, Richard Marquand's trashily enjoyable *Hearst of Fire*, and Stuart Gordon's latest *Robot Jox*.

Upcoming Films to Look Forward to: *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, Johnny Depp in John Waters' *Cry-Baby*, Kitty Bigelow's *Blue Steel*, John Boorman's *King Lear*, *Where the Heart Is*, Warren and Madonna in *Dick Tracy*, and the Donald Westlake-scripted, Stephen Frears-directed *The Grifters*.



**The Cinema
Studies
Student Union
(CINSSU)
Presents...**

**Free Film
Nights!**

Friday, March 2nd.
Wine and Cheese Party, 5pm.

Masculin/Feminin (1966, Jean-Luc Godard). Starring Jean-Pierre L  aud & Chantal Goya. A dialectical masterpiece in which "the children of Marx and Coca Cola," the gulf between the sexes and politics and pop culture "capture the tastes and smells of Paris in the winter of 1965." (James Monaco) Godard's attempt at the "total film" produces both the pain and joy integral to a film about life.

Bande    Part (Band of Outsiders) (1964, Jean-Luc Godard). Starring Anna Karina & Claude Brasseur. Politics and pop art struggle for prominence in this existentialist genre study where the Musical, Romance and Gangster film are placed in Godard's cinematic food processor, chopped up and blended, to form a film which was supposed to be "about a girl and a gun -- a sure-fire story which would sell a lot of tickets." (Godard)

All screenings at Innis
College Town Hall. Films
start at 7:00 pm.

Drowning by Greenaway

Bart Testa

Peter Greenaway's films and television pieces, which he produces at the astonishing rate of several a year, represent an almost unique project in contemporary film. Since 1982, when the British director came to prominence with the elegant period mystery, *The Draughtsman's Contract*, Greenaway has come to be recognized as a filmmaker as close to the art of painting as he is to storytelling. In fact, Greenaway has remarked, "I still believe painting to be the prime visual art, after which the cinema seems to limp along rather lamely about fifteen years too late." In the last twenty years, artists working in cinema and video have felt compelled to choose between experimental film, with its alliances to visual art, and popular cinema which takes its cues increasingly from best-selling novels, rock music and recycled Hollywood stereotypes.

This division is historically false. Filmmakers as various as Eisenstein and Fassbinder, Murnau and Godard have shown that film is a vital modern visual medium as well as a narrative art. Very self-consciously and utterly without apology, Greenaway is an artist in this tradition. Relentlessly energetic and confident, he has steadily expanded his work in widening circles without paying much attention to trends in cinema. Yet the consistency in his films and the seamless synthesis of visual and narrative elegance in Greenaway's cinema has become a sort of universe in itself. His films are demanding in their rigorous formality and elaborate cross-reference, but they are also witty and entertaining, and at all times extremely seductive to the eye.

Born in England in 1942, Greenaway trained as a painter and pursued this art through the sixties. He became interested in the cinema after seeing Bergman's *The*

Seventh Seal and Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad*, two of the key films in a widespread renewal of visual style in films during the sixties. However, Greenaway was not at first drawn to full-scale filmmaking. Instead, he continued to paint and then to make small, artisional films at his own expense, an extension of his easel work. And, throughout his career, his films have incorporated his paintings, notably in *A Walk Through II* (1978) which consists of 92 extremely delicate water colour and pencil miniatures. The pictures, which have toured as a separate exhibition in Europe and the United States, are abstract but they bear glyphs suggestive of maps. Indeed, the voice-over fiction of *A Walk Through II* is that the hero has been guided through the world by these maps, and the film shapes itself as an allegory of life's journey.

Even when making his images directly with the camera, Greenaway constantly reveals a painter's eye. *H is for House* (1973-78), *Water Wrackets* (1975) and *Windows* (1975) are filmed landscapes more redolent of Corot and Friedrich than anything in film history. In a modern mode, *Vertical Features Remake* (1978) deftly satirizes the formalist analysis of Minimalist art as well as intelligently parodying its cinematic equivalent, the structural film.

Greenaway came by this parody quite honestly. He had affinities with structural cinema from the start. However, his films were closer to the American holliis Frampton than to British structuralists like Peter Gidal. In fact, Greenaway expresses no affection for the avant-garde film trends in Britain in the seventies, and apparently the critics who wrote about this movement had no use for Greenaway either. Unperturbed, Greenaway continued to make his films in contented isolation. The difference between Greenaway and his British cohorts is marked by his

use of systems like the alphabet and mathematics to create structures, rather as Frampton does in his seminal *Zorns Lemma* (1970). But here, too, Greenaway pulls away a bit in creating a cast of fictive characters, like the sinister polymath and ornithologist Tulse Lupur, or the remarkable woman Cissy Colpius, and in sketching a narrative world not just in individual films, like *Dear Phone* (1977), but across them as well.

While making his shorter films, Greenaway was working as an editor of conventional documentary films, a background he exploited in his first long film, *The Falls* (1980). The culmination of his previous efforts, the film sets out a huge canvas with a documentary pretense. Its conceit is a vast directory from which 92 short biographies of victims of the Violent Unknown Event (VUE) whose names begin with F-A-L-L. The VUE is a mysterious apocalypse (and outrageous fiction) that is turning a large number of people into birds, vastly expanding the languages they speak, and promoting cults and quackeries across Britain and Europe. *The Falls* is apocalypse as a very complicated human interest story and the film is Greenaway's own narrative and visual encyclopedia. So, while Greenaway calls it a "sort of trashbin of all my ideas" he also declares *The Falls* "still my favourite film." Three years later, the director began his feature film career in earnest, with *The Draughtsman's Contract*. The project began, as many have, with a series of paintings, this time of English country homes that Greenaway was making while on holiday with his two daughters. Set in 1694, the finished film, which includes the director's own drawings as the draughtsman's eleven contracted pictures, is a schematized social drama and a contemplation of the landscape and British country architecture. The narrative is a convoluted

conspiracy, yet the film's form is rigorously symmetrical, the very image of rational order.

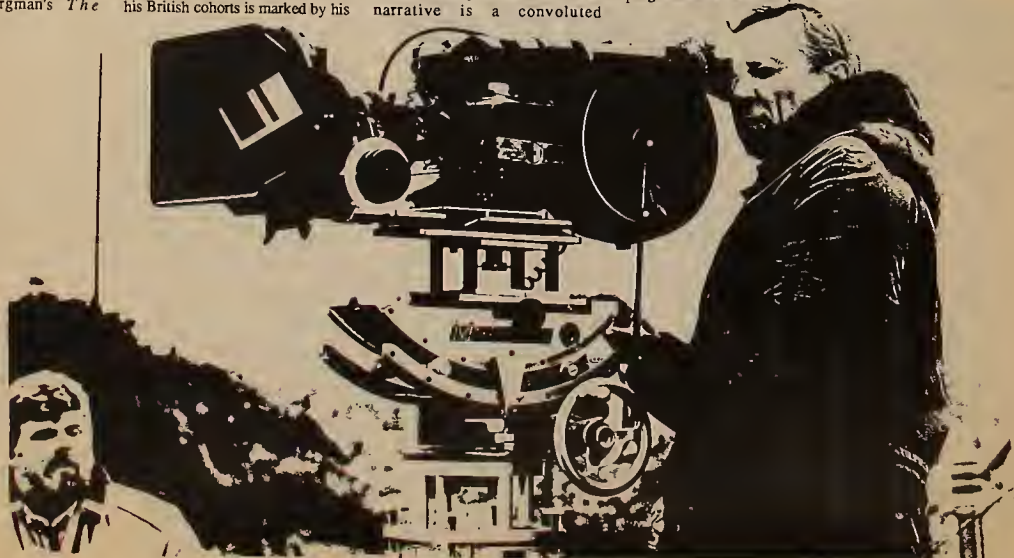
After *The Draughtsman's Contract*, Greenaway was offered all manner of historical projects but instead he made what should be considered his most eccentric feature, *A Zed and Two Noughts* (1985). Set in the Rotterdam Zoo, the story tells of twin brothers, both zoologists, who attempt to piece together the mystery of life and death. The film is emblematic of Greenaway's paradoxical sensibility. He seems to have one foot firmly planted in the Enlightenment ideal of tabular measurement, but the other is lost in a fantastical absurdism akin to Borges' fabulations. The brothers' futile attempt to knit the balances of vitality and decay by scientific means is a sad and comic instance of rational systems doomed to collapse. *The Belly of an Architect* (1987), with a volcanic performance by American actor Brian Dennehy as Chicago architect Cracklite (known mostly for his roles in thrillers, like *Gorky Park*), is a dramatic meditation on architecture, time and the imagination. When Cracklite travels to Rome to manage an exhibition of the visionary architect, Boulees, he enters an intrigue, like that of *The Draughtsman's Contract*, where the brash man of imagination cannot hope to best the conspiracy of a social order that has a deep past on its side. Recasting the Jamesian theme of Americans and Europe in terms of the history of architecture, *The Belly of an Architect* is also Greenaway's expression of his own doubts about the artist dwarfed by time itself.

A hit in Toronto and elsewhere, *Drowning by Numbers* returns Cissy Colpius to the screen, this time in triplicate, for a murderous farce in which three women drown their husbands. The 'by numbers' part concerns the mathematical progression of the film (from 1 to

100) counted off first by a little girl, and then woven into the film's narrative. *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*, Greenaway's most recent feature film, marks something of a departure, for it is an historical allegory, treating Thatcher's Britain as a beautifully mounted horror show of deceit and (quite literal) dismemberment.

While making feature films in the last decade, Greenaway has also made a cycle of arresting documentaries, the most interesting of which is *Four American Composers* (1983), in which he makes portraits of John Cage, Phillip Glass, Meredith Monk and Robert Ashley. More recently, the director has completed *Death on the Seine* (1989) for French television. The film is a reconstruction of drownings during the Revolutionary period. By telephone from London, Greenaway explained, "I was fascinated to discover that in the period, they made extremely detailed records of what information they could gather from the corpses. Contents of the pockets, conditions of the clothing and so on." But the most ambitious of Greenaway's television projects is *A TV Dante*, which was begun in 1984 and is now up to a series of eight "cantos" that will stretch into 36 pieces.

The Art Gallery of Ontario will be presenting a retrospective of Peter Greenaway's films and television work between March 18th and April 8th in the Jackman Hall and, in collaboration with Innis Film, in the Town Hall. The retrospective begins with the Toronto theatrical premiere of *The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*. Many of Greenaway's short films and television pieces have never been shown before in Toronto and the series will be the occasion of the Canadian premieres of *A TV Dante* and *Death on the Seine*.



Nyman: The Man Behind The Music

Jim Shedden

With the exception of *The Belly of an Architect*, all of the soundtracks for Greenaway's feature-length films have been written by Michael Nyman and performed by the Michael Nyman Band. Nyman's place in the music world of the 1980's is roughly parallel to Greenaway's in the film world 1980's: both are among the very scarce bright lights still active in their field. Aesthetically, Nyman also resembles Greenaway in his synthesis of classical and modern forms. Whereas Greenaway's films are a dialogue between the tradition of Western painting, the novel form, and the modern masters of film (by his own admission, Resnais, Antonioni, Bergman, Frampton, and Snow), Nyman neatly combines baroque and Renaissance forms with 20th century musical forms (e.g. minimalism).

Like Greenaway, who began his career partly as a film journalist, Nyman spent the sixties and early seventies studying and writing about music. True to form, he is the author of a number of works on baroque composers (Handel and Purcell for example) and a book, *Experimental Music: Cage and Beyond*. Nyman played with Steve Reich, the Scratch Orchestra (of which the Marxist composer, Cornelius Cardew, was the founder), Portsmouth Sinfonia, Foster's Social Orchestra, and the Music Now Ensemble, and finally emerged by the mid-1980's as one of the decade's most vibrant composers.

In 1976, Nyman put out an album on Brian Eno's EG Records (Obscure) label, called *Decay Music*. Like most of Eno's other projects (his own *Ambient* series, Gavin Bryars, Harold Budd, et al), the album represents the extraordinarily tedious side of "minimalism." Of *I-100*, originally intended for Greenaway's film of the same name (which he will not allow to be shown at the retrospective -- if it's anywhere near as tedious as its musical partner, I don't blame him) but later used as the soundtrack for *Vertical Features Remake* (if memory serves me correctly), Nyman writes: "I have arranged individual sequences to correspond roughly to the numbers 1-9, 10-19, etc., while the overall grouping of sequences corresponds broadly to the gradual numerical accumulation from one to 100. Thus the first 'section' alternates triads and major sevenths. 10-19 has chains of sevenths; 20-29

sevenths and ninths, etc. Generally, 1-59 consists mainly of major seventh-based chords while the later sequences are a mixture of minor and dominant sevenths, ninths and elevenths. "And, of course, the piece sounds as boring as all this. *Bell Set No.1*, the other piece on the album, is an equally tedious arithmetic study of the properties of Turkish bells.

When one considers Nyman's other recorded work, one is tempted to contrast him to Philip Glass, who began as a rather energetic composer with works like *Music in Similar Motion*, *Music in Twelve Parts*, brought fame to minimalism with his middle-works (*Glassworks*, *Einstein on the Beach*, and *North Star*, for example), but has more recently gone downhill producing what I had hoped would be a "return" to his youthful exuberance, *Solo Piano*, which is, regrettably, more uninspired, simplistic tedium.

Nyman quickly "got over" the bad side of minimalism and, in 1982, put out two excellent albums, *Michael Nyman*, which contains music largely from Greenaway's epic masterpiece, *The Falls*, ("Bird Anthem", and "Bird List Song"), and *The Draughtsman's Contract*, which is the soundtrack for the film of the same name. The majority of Nyman's music in the next seven years to come will "echo" musically the themes and concerns of Greenaway's films. As his credit to "H. Purcell" as "Music Consultant" on *The Draughtsman's Contract* will make clear, Nyman will no longer be stuck in the mire of academic minimalism, but will now use those new forms to reinvigorate baroque music. In the years to come, Nyman would become well-known as the composer of "cheerful", upbeat, musical counterpoint to Greenaway's often rather ugly sequences of rotting animals (*ZOO: A Zed and Two Noughts*), murder (*Drowning by Numbers*), torture and cannibalism (*The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover*). Greenaway's sceptical, often cynical world-view is balanced by Nyman's revitalization of the very theologically-inspired baroque form.

Nyman followed the two 1982 albums with two more in 1985, the soundtrack from *ZOO: A Zed and Two Noughts* and *THE KISS and Other Movements*. The latter is a near-perfect collection of pieces largely from shorter Greenaway works (*Making a Splash* and *26 Bathrooms*, for example), marred only by the use of Dagmar Krause

who, while famous for her Brecht renditions, I have not warmed up to as a Nyman vocalist yet. Different strokes ...

In 1986 the first performance of Nyman's opera, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*, was performed and later released as a CD in 1988. This was, obviously, based on Oliver Sacks' "best-selling" case study about Dr. P., a man afflicted with mental blindness ("visual agnosia"), leaving him able to see colours, shapes, lines, but unable to visually objectify what he sees. As strong as Sacks' case study might be to "read" (as a kind of short story), one could argue that it is even more effective in the operatic form. Dr. P.'s affliction is revealed "in-process" by Sacks so it lends itself to a musical rendering quite well. Nyman cites Boulez and Fluxus as inspirations when creating the opera. One might also add Glass (*Einstein on the Beach*) and Sondheim (*Sunday in the Park with George*).

1987 saw Greenaway "try" different composers for *The Belly of an Architect*, the minimalist Wim Mertens, of *Soft Verdict* and now, regrettably, a shitty New Age composer for the Wyndham Hill label, and Glenn Branca played by a traditional orchestra, not an army of electric guitars as per usual.

In 1988 Nyman was back with the soundtrack from *Drowning by Numbers*. Last year *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife and Her Lover* was released in Europe (so we can expect it soon), as was an odd album *And Do They Do*, which contains an unfortunately flat "Zoo Caprices," where the various musical themes from *A Zed and Two Noughts* are reworked for solo violin (played by Michael Balanescu).

One can only hope that the various unreleased Nyman pieces used in Greenaway films will someday be available. Nyman is a welcome breath of fresh air in a contemporary music scene dominated by yuppie masochism (Zorn-mania), over-hyped rock stars in "serious composer" drag (Elliot Sharp), and tired-out minimalism (John Adams and Philip Glass).

If you would like tickets to the Greenaway series, see Jim Shedden in Room 322 or phone 978-7790.

Peter Greenaway Retrospective

March 18th - April 8th

All films were directed by Peter Greenaway, unless otherwise noted.

All films are screened at the Jackman Hall at the Art Gallery of Ontario unless otherwise noted.

* -- Canadian Premiere.

** -- Toronto Premiere.

Sunday, March 18, 1&4pm

The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover

(1989, 125 minutes, colour, 35mm)
Presented with the co-operation of Cinéplex-Odeon.

Water Wreakets

(1975, 12 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Tuesday, March 20, 7pm

The Short Films Program I:

*Act of God: Lightning **

(1981, 25 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Windows

(1975, 4 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Dear Phone

(1977, 17 minutes, colour, 16mm)

*Making a Splash **

(1984, 25 minutes, colour, 35mm)

Death on the Seine (TBA)

(1990, 40 minutes, colour, videotape)

Thursday, March 22, 7pm

*Four American Composers: John Cage ***

(1983, 56 minutes, colour, videotape)

*Four American Composers: Meredith Monk ***

(1983, 56 minutes, colour, videotape)

Friday, March 23, 7pm

*Four American Composers: Philip Glass ***

(1983, 56 minutes, colour, videotape)

*Four American Composers: Robert Ashley ***

(1983, 56 minutes, colour, videotape)

Sunday, March 25, 1&4pm

Last Year at Marienbad

(1961, 93 minutes, b/w, 35mm)

by Alain Resnais

H is For House

(1973, 10 minutes, colour, 16mm)

The Draughtsman's Contract

(1982, 108 minutes, colour, 35mm)

Tuesday, March 27, 7pm

ZOO: A Zed and Two Noughts

(1985, 115 minutes, colour, 35mm)

?..Zoo! (The Making of a Fiction Film)

(1986, 22 minutes, colour, 16mm)

by Piti Hoffman



Friday, March 30, 7pm

The Falls

(1980, 180 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Sun., April 1, 1pm

Drowning by Numbers

(1988, 118 minutes, colour, 35mm)

*Fear of Drowning **

(1988, 26 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Tuesday, April 3, 7pm

*A TV Dante (Cantos #1-8) **

(1988, 80 minutes, colour, videotape)

by Peter Greenaway and Tom Phillips

for BBC Channel 4. Introduced by

Professor A. A. Iannucci, University

of Toronto.

Thursday, April 5, 7pm

Innis Town Hall

The Short Films Program II:

A Walk Through H

(1978, 41 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Vertical Features Remake

(1978, 45 minutes, colour, 16mm)

Friday, April 6, 7pm

Innis Town Hall

The Short Films Program III:

Intervals

(1969, 7 minutes, b/w, 16mm)

Inside Rooms -- the Bathroom

(1985, 30 minutes, colour, videotape)

Zorns Lemma

(1970, 60 minutes, colour, 16mm)

by Hollis Frampton

Sun., April 8, 1&4pm

Belly of an Architect

(1987, 118 minutes, colour, 35mm)

Tickets for individual programs are \$5 and can be purchased at the door or, beginning March 12, at the Audio-Visual Centre at the AGO from 11am to 5:30pm. VISA or Mastercard holders may order by phone at 977-0414, ext. 260. Ten tickets may be purchased for \$40.

The Jackman Theatre is located in the Art Gallery of Ontario at 317 Dundas St. W., Toronto. Innis Town Hall is located in Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto.

This program was curated by Bart Testa.



Salvation by
Arcand

Keith Denning

It recently dawned on me that there have been a number of excellent films lately which have broken the barriers between the uplifting and the intellectual. There is a tendency in the more hip intellectual art circles to pour on the angst and leave more pleasant emotions to be degraded by films like *Police Academy*, but some of the best films of the past year or two have trained their sights on hope and faith in the potential for good in mankind. Two that spring to mind are *Wings of Desire* and *Babette's Feast*.

I recently saw Denys Arcand's new film *Jesus of Montreal* -- three times in three days. This film belongs in the same category as the above two -- very intelligent, brilliantly crafted films that show us hope. *Jesus of Montreal* is one of the best films I recall having seen -- especially from Canada -- in recent memory. It is an uplifting and disturbing retelling of the story of the life of Christ that works on many different levels -- passion play, secular analysis of Christianity, the loss and refinding of faith. Arcand, with this film, simultaneously casts doubt on the historical and moral bases of Christianity, and finds validity and a possibility of personal "salvation" in the central messages and meanings of teachings of Christ.



The story centres around one Daniel Colombe, a quiet, brooding Quebec actor who has dreamt for many years of directing his own version of the Passion. His opportunity comes when a priest of dubious morality decides to resurrect an old version of the passion play that had been the standard for performances in his parish for many years. Daniel, loosely following in the steps of Christ -- gathering his disciples, and so on, produces his own version of the play, and thus creates a scandal in the Montreal theatre scene and in the Catholic Church. This is a poignant, powerful, genuinely funny and terribly heartwrenching film that deserves every acclamation it has received and will receive in the future. Denys Arcand is one of Canada's finest filmmakers, so be patriotic, do yourself a favour. Go see this film. *Jesus of Montreal* is almost out of first run theatres, but it has already hit the Festival chain and will be playing the reps regularly for the next six months.

By the way, I don't like every film I see; I just don't review the ones I hate.

Internal
Affairs

Karen Sumner

Richard Gere is not generally thought of as an accomplished, versatile actor; he's known primarily as a beef-cake kind of guy, better at exuding sexuality than displaying any acting skill. But Gere's not a bad actor, it's just that he has dubious taste, or at least problems discerning 'expansive' roles (his terminology) from limited ones. Maybe his problem is that he searches for those mind-expanding roles, because he is limited in *Internal Affairs*, but in a particularly effective way. Gere's trademark vacancy works to his advantage in this film. He plays an amoral cop, who is equally happy to sell drugs or hire himself out as a hit-man as he is to make a good bust (he's got one of the best records on the force). It is precisely Gere's projection of a void that makes him so convincing in this role -- we don't really know what's happening behind those dead-blue eyes, and it becomes frighteningly clear that anything is possible.

The film opens with *Internal Affairs'* investigation of Gere's partner, played by William Baldwin (one of the three acting Baldwin brothers). Baldwin has been caught planting drugs on a suspect, and his increasingly violent and erratic behaviour has led I.A.D. to the correct conclusion that he himself is an addict. Gere also comes under investigation when the source of the drugs is found to be an L.A.P.D. sanctioned after-hours employer of many in the police department, Baldwin and Gere included.

Andy Garcia, one of the best

things in *The Untouchables*, is somewhat disappointing as Raymond Avila, who along with his partner Amy (Laurie Metcalf, from *Roseanne*) investigate both Gere and Baldwin. Garcia is too interested in being moody and having a smouldering gaze to be a challenge to Gere's diabolical energy. This may be the fault of director Mike Figgis rather than



Garcia, in which case it would be one of many. There is a rather clumsy attempt to ally Gere and Garcia as counterparts: one character, shaken by a relentless probing into Gere's after-hours activities, screams at Garcia, "You're just like him!" After Garcia gets caught up in and strung along by Gere's head-games, we are clearly meant to see a parallel between the characters, especially when Garcia drunkenly fantasizes of engaging a prostitute in a sleazy Latino bar, and then executing Gere while he is so occupied. But the parallel doesn't really work: Garcia and Gere are equally driven and intense in their activities, but aside from Garcia's one dip off the deep end, there are really no similarities between the two.

Not that Figgis doesn't try hard. There's a homo-erotic 'undercurrent' that's really more of a tidal wave -- Figgis practically drowns his actors as he tries to establish sexual parallels. All attempts at connecting the two on some deep psychological level are spurious at best. Gere himself

points out that it is all too easy to push Garcia's buttons, to manipulate him into extreme, almost psychotic behaviour, and he's right. Gere *can't* be tricked or manipulated like Garcia (somewhat unbelievably, I might add, despite the careful preparation) can be, and that's what is so creepy about Gere. He is solidly in control at all times -- his only mistake is that he's too corrupt to be able to hide it at this point.

Internal Affairs is a violent, fast-paced cop thriller with nothing special to recommend it but generally decent performances. Laurie Metcalf is a sharp but low-key partner, whose lesbianism is casually stated without an issue being made of it (both she and Garcia watch an attractive woman pass by with an equally appreciating eye, and then exchange an ironic glance). Gere is tricky -- you want to like the guy, mainly because he's damn attractive here (not so soft and slurpy, and his grey hair becomes him), even when you know what he really is, but there's menace in that vacuously charming smile; it's never been so threatening. It's not that Gere is spectacularly brilliant (expansive), but that this is what he should be doing. Garcia has a better track-record, but Gere outmanoeuvres him here. Gere's purely superficial quality leaves blanks that disturb the imagination, while Garcia's attempt at some deep psychological probing only reveals the lame mechanics of the character and the film.



Born on the

Fourth of July

Karen Sumner

Born on the Fourth of July is not a bad film (at least it's better than *Platoon*), but it's not great either. Tom Cruise is good as Ron Kovic, a man who buys the war the government is selling, only to have it thrown back in his face when he returns home a paraplegic. The state hospital he returns to is understaffed, underfunded, filthy and ill-equipped because the government is too busy getting people killed overseas to be able to patch them up when they come home. Ronny gradually joins in with the effort to end the war, taking part in peace rallies and getting beaten and gassed by riot police on every occasion. The protest scenes are effectively scary -- easily the best part of a film which is otherwise mediocre (unless you're into endless extreme close-ups of big hairy nostrils, Oliver Stone's idea of intense filmmaking). The actual war sequences are brief (about twelve minutes in total) and unimpressive, full of really jumpy, confused

INNIS

FEBRUARY 15

A very rare screening of ANOY WARHOL's *Vinyl* (with Factory stars GERARD MALANGA and EDIE SEDGWICK), \$5.00.



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17

An even rarer screening of ANDY WARHOL's *Eat* (with ROBERT INOIANA) and *Blow Job* \$5.00.

MARCH 1

JONAS MEKAS's *Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania*.



MARCH 8

Navajos Film Themselves

In 1966 Sol Worth and Jon Adair conducted an experiment in Pine Springs, Arizona, to determine whether it is possible to teach people with a technically simply culture to make motion pictures depicting their culture and themselves as they see it. These films were made by the Navajo as part of the project.

MARCH 15

MICHAEL SNOW's *Presents*.



MARCH 29

JON JOST presents his classic film, *Speaking Directly*.



Schedule is subject to change.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30

JON JOST presents the Toronto premiere of *Stagelright* and *Godard 1980* (w/ JEAN LUC-GOARD, PETER WOLLEN, and OON RANVAU).

All screenings are at 7:00 pm on Thursday evenings, unless otherwise noted. Admission to films is \$3.00, unless otherwise noted. A season's pass is available for \$15.00.

Screenings take place at: INNIS TOWN HALL, INNIS COLLEGE, 2 SUSSEX AVE. (AT ST. GEORGE)

For more information, please contact OAVE MORRIS or JIM SHEOON at 978-7790

WINTER

1990



INNIS FILM appreciates the assistance of the following: the Ontario Arts Council, the Toronto Arts Council, the University of Toronto (Association of Part-Time Undergraduate Students and the Innis College Student Society), and our very generous private donors.

PETER GREENAWAY RETROSPECTIVE:

Between March 16 and April 6, Innis Film and the Art Gallery of Ontario will be presenting a retrospective of the films of British filmmaker Peter Greenaway, including many North American premieres. To receive information on these screenings -- and all Innis and AGO film series -- phone 978-7790 and have your name placed on the mailing list.

nostril shots rather than the regular even-handed ones. There are horrific details -- a family of civilians accidentally, but brutally murdered, a baby left to die, and a fellow American soldier shot by Kovic in all the confusion -- but despite all the screaming, commotion, and dancing camera-work, the war sequence has no real impact. The real power of *Born on the Fourth of July* is due to the facts of the Vietnam war and its aftermath -- that a government allowed an unwinnable war to go on for so long, and then abandoned the survivors to substandard medical attention and widespread hostility -- and not to Stone's overly-stylized version of it. Cruise works hard and is good, despite a somewhat abrupt transition from hometown hero to long-haired protester. He succeeds in making us feel the humiliation of being suckered in to fight in the name of patriotism, and then cast aside as a criminal. It ought to be mentioned that this film will make Tom Cruise famous for being the actor who says "penis" the most times in one film (or perhaps in any career).

Poetry

Us and the Park

Braz

Scenes --

more like Monets than like dreams

No parasol, but wind

No poppies, but snow

White -- not a colour but a state

Sounds --

old friends I cannot name

No fanfare, but cold water over stones

No words, but spirits in whispers

Gentle -- not a quality but a time

Thoughts --

more like Solomon's than like Paul's

No selves, but two books that opened in offering

No World, but our Earth

Drifting -- not an action but a place



Titled John Anderson

why is the light so bright
when the head is freed from caring
and why so intense the emotion
after the world is ended?

and it was friend and fine
as slowly cascade smiling say
laughing in looking out water or waves
but the sudden of celebrate and happy of capture
hurrying blood while light tiding low
eyes hands lips then red yellow orange
lit like the sea streaming sway strands swing
holding loosing the moment dizzy easy and gold
against each other leaned break wave roll crash
on a solid shore.
why is the light so bright?



by Lucretia

Betrayed
by the flesh
embodying the soul,
by the flesh
that fell asleep
under my cyrled fingers,
by the flesh
that rose and fell
to the rhythm of our love.
Those hands which touched
touched not mine alone
Those lips that kissed
sought places unbeknownst to me
Those eyes which mirrored
the reflection of our love
strayed too far
and committed
The Sin
of
Betrayal

Only You -- Imre Juurlink

In the days
I defied existence
I would crawl
inside your skin
and just be
without being,
closing my eyes
to the world
my ears to
the music
and rain.

There is no point
in travelling
for everywhere
people are the same
and everywhere
I go
there is only us.

On the days
I defied the world
we would
sit inside
your room
with the
curtains shut
and the door locked
and only us
in your bed
for a week.

I defied good
and killed
the people
on our trail,
defied evil
and cried
black tears
on the white
of your shoulder.
You in a white body
in a dark room
(a closet in my mind)
I a shadow
in the dark,
unseen,
but brilliantly
clothed in the light
(anywhere
outside my mind).

I travelled alone
and left you,
undeserving,
in panic and array,
but always
returned
from the towns
and the people
who knew
nothing
than I
and I have returned,
a thousand times,
to the comfort
of your arms.

My love flowers
my soul dies
and returns,
a circular motion
travelled
backwards
and sideways
alone
and with you
there is only life
wherever I go,
and only you.

11

One Year's Fall

Daniel Hill

Looking with squinted eyes, down
from the dying rays
of the falling sun

To the grass that's scattered
-- smothered --
in the twisted, torn carnage
of broken-backed
maple leaves.

In their death gowns of
decaying brown,
They lie awaiting the
After-life of winter

With its crystalline snow
so cleansing white
And Cold!
And cold
and cold



L'Asile D'Alexandrie

J. Anthony Steidman

Sad St. Catherine --

Your face is cracked like a jigsaw puzzle
Your blue eyes drowned in rippling varnish,
With a tilted head of a heavy life.
Do you lament your coming of age?

Will I, one day, be cracked?
Will my canvas have been stretched over decades?

Your hands have been clasped and ivory
For centuries.

Soon you'll find out
If it would not have been the same
To rest them.



Terrorism John Anderson

People die every day. A hijacked plane
innocent civilians murdered mercilessly
-- awful. Against the very basis of our culture.
Extremists burned a research laboratory
\$3 million worth of damage
the very basis of our culture
murdered mercilessly
drugged creatures herded throughout their
killed and called food

terrorism
the very basis of our culture



Sentiment Reconstructed Braz

Fragile forgiveness naked on shards trembling figurine
Lie still, lie still, lie still

Never regret never return never final
I remember, I just remember
Never fade never timid never shame
Your name, your singing name

Falling laughter rainbow of petals wisp of forever
Descend, descend, descend

Ever tomorrow ever hope ever perhaps
I wonder, a child, I wonder
Ever beauty ever softly ever entrance
Your dance, your ghostly dance.



by Lucretia

Spring,
A new birth.
Slowly the wind picks up
and causes ripples on the surface of the water.

Summer,
it is Life itself.
A storm is breaking
and waves tumult about on the surface of the water.

Fall,
the final climax of life.
The storm is over
and waves only ripple the surface of the water.

Winter.
Old age has come.
Everything is silent.
The water is still.

SIC FIT John Anderson

her gold sadness

fall, in grass inset leaves like jewels like flowers
in wood in hair unorder strewn
wind walk talk tell look down
and breathe flow breath expiring:
inspiring
fall, blood thumps in my palate: rush open close
from a sloppy heart pierced with sad
ignorant fluid leaved vein through my
essence i can feel it
fall, so is it done; and all this time
i, she, fell.



Pedicure -- Imre Juurink

I set fire
to my toenails
but did not
feel the pain
My feet
are somewhat
smaller now
and it's difficult
to walk
but really
I don't feel
the pain
just wait for you to talk
I wanted you
to notice me
but the newspaper
proved more
interesting.

a short story by
Michelle Kano

Preface: Bela's Prayer

My dear God! What is it that
You would have me do!

How dare You mock me, first
by giving me this talent then
tormenting me with such unrest?

Have mercy on me O Lord...

Look at what has become of
Your creation, Your performing
little monkey. Look closely at me
in all my modesty and in all my
humility. Let me play the music
that once sweetened my dreams.
The dreams that You used to tempt
me. Grant me this one wish my
Lord. In return, I promise
nevermore to have the honour of a
foreign ear to be blessed of my gift.

Forgive me if I have offended
Thee.

In the name of the Father, Son
and of the Holy Ghost, I pray.
Amen.

Chapter one: Backstage

The long, narrow corridor
seemed to stretch into oblivion. Lit
only by a row of partially burnt out
fluorescent strips, neither the sun or
moon has cast their eyes into this
frightening tunnel.

There he stood.

Pressed up against the painted
concrete, his sweaty fists clenched
the hem of his black evening coat.
He was crying softly to himself.
He paused briefly to listen to the
faint buzzing overhead then looked
up towards the only source of light
illuminating the dark cavern...
Those fluorescent strips.

"B flat," he remarked.

Only during the brief moment
when he glanced at his wrist watch
was he reminded that seconds did
tick. In this tunnel, everything was
frozen in utter solitude. Time was
the reality of the outer world. The
world of barracudas and jackals.
The world that existed at the end of
this corridor.

The unanticipated moment came
when he had to journey to the end
of the hallway to face his
temporary friends, his only source
of income. He pushed himself
from the wall and started to walk.
Every step he took echoed loudly,
scurrying down the hall to escape
his body and reach the other end to
the realm of safety. Every step
brought him closer to the end of
what could be the beginning, yet he
knew he was going nowhere.

The end greeted him with a pair
of steel doors. Through them he
could hear the faint chanting of his
name.

"Bela...Bela..."

Bela looked to the floor.

"Please, no more. I did not ask
for this," he muttered to himself. In
exhaustion, he fell against one of
the steel doors. With no hesitation,
the other door whirled open.

"Where have you been?!" a
worried man immediately
demanded.

"Nowhere," Bela simply
replied.

Irritated by his response, his
manager quickly pulled him through
the doors. Bela kept walking
forward never straying from his



dead path. He walked past the
lighting crew, his agent, his agent's
wife, some selected students from
the local conservatory and those of
the female gender who had no
particular reason being backstage
except perhaps to ornament the drab
surroundings. All of them patted
his back saying the same words of
encouragement, the same words of
congratulations. Words he stopped
hearing years ago.

A wall of curtains bordered the
last phase of no man's land. He
paused.

"Turn back and you're nothing.
Go forward and you could be
nothing." Bela repeated these
words over and over again.

Chapter two: Performance

Bela briefly glanced towards the
heavens then pushed through the
ominous black cloak. Lying in front
of him was his companion of
twenty years who anxiously
awaited his company on the dreaded
barren plain. Applause filled the
humid air. Bela turned to face the
noise. Blackness. A white light
shone on his pale face. He heard
them, yet he could not see them.
Feeling as though being
interrogated for a crime he did not
commit, he pleaded softly.

"Why do you do this to me?
What have I done so wrong?"

Mechanically, he turned back
towards his one true friend, the
voice of his mind. Bela sat down at
the bench with his hands at his lap
and his head bowed. The jungle
turned silent. With the grace of a
swan, his hands raised and lowered
ever so gently onto his companion.
A brief pause, then the voice rang
throughout the jungle. Although
his hands moved feverishly across
five octaves, his eyes remained on
middle C, mesmerized. Not a blink
from the ice blue pools which have
sighted his way through burning
Hell.

The music served only as a
backdrop to the thoughts racing
through Bela's head. Memories
overwhelmed him. Memories of
his brief childhood. Memories of
his repressive homeland.

"I am willing to give it all up my
Lord... The people, the
democracy..."

Climacically, the pools started
to overflow. Ever so gently, tears
trickled down his soft cheek. With
that, also drained the last ounce of
the warm childhood dream he had
wished never to awaken from. The
kindling flame had flickered away
to a cold...black...death. This was
the end. His friend had told a sad
story tonight.

Sorry, the protest has just begun

Cheri

In the Opinion section of the *Toronto Star*, January 19th, Richard Gwyn -- World Affairs -- had some encouraging views to share with his readers, providing those readers were part of the financial community. Mr. Gwyn, apparently vexed by Canadians ranking environmental concerns over those of economic, did some research to find out what all the unnecessary fuss was about. His source of information, London's *Financial Times* -- an 'objective' journal published in a country whose environmental priorities are over-whelming -- provided him with some long-sought-after explanations.

One major influence, the *Times* claims, is the media and, more specifically, television documentaries. Gwyn complains that these visual dramas are designed to evoke emotional paths from the public, leading to "anxiety", "superstition" and erroneous concern. I agree that some television specials over-dramatize the issues, but they do so to alert a comatose public. The whole of television is exaggerated. From sitcoms to cop shows, the viewer tunes in with a limited number of brain cells, that all must be stimulated at once to activate a response. If news coverage of

environmental disasters has been successful in appealing to the emotions of its audience, then, yes, the individuals responsible for producing these films are guilty of igniting concern. Dry facts and tedious lab reports excite only the scientist.

Gwyn tries to persuade us that the public likes to hop on the bandwagon and join the green crusade. This point is difficult to argue. Today's marketing strategies work best if the words "green" or "environment-friendly" are printed on the package, but these terms have been abused badly. However, the quest for a green reputation only helps to further indicate the public's desire for environmental action, even if it is just a phosphate-free detergent. Nevertheless, these protests are genuine. Gwyn confuses the issue and reduces it to a passing trend in the following statement: "We're running out of mobilizing causes these days: The end of the Cold War has ended the peace movement; our economy is booming. Other old causes, like the Third World, have just become unfashionable". Causes are not so out and dry as Mr. Gwyn would like to have us believe. Causes cannot be buried until they are solved. They may die from the media and loose their market appeal, but true concerned

activists never dismiss an issue for one more trendy.

Environmentalism is not the result of displaced peace activists looking for a new movement. As long as weapons are being tested (i.e. over northern Canada because of its similarity to Russian terrain), there will be cause for a peace movement. As long as governments continue to spend billions of dollars a year on defence, there will be cause for a peace movement. As long as America continues to send troops into Central America and satisfy their war itch, there will be cause for a peace movement. Furthermore, environmentalism has been a concern long before glastnost inhabited every headline, although the social movement in the East provides hope for environmental politics, which demand international negotiations over global issues such as the greenhouse effect.

As far as the Third World is concerned, idle chit-chat about the lesser countries may be absent from the lips of Mr. Gwyn's dinner-party peers, but to environmentalists, and to most people aware of the issues, the Third World is of major importance to critical environmental problems such as deforestation and the increased use of fossil fuels.

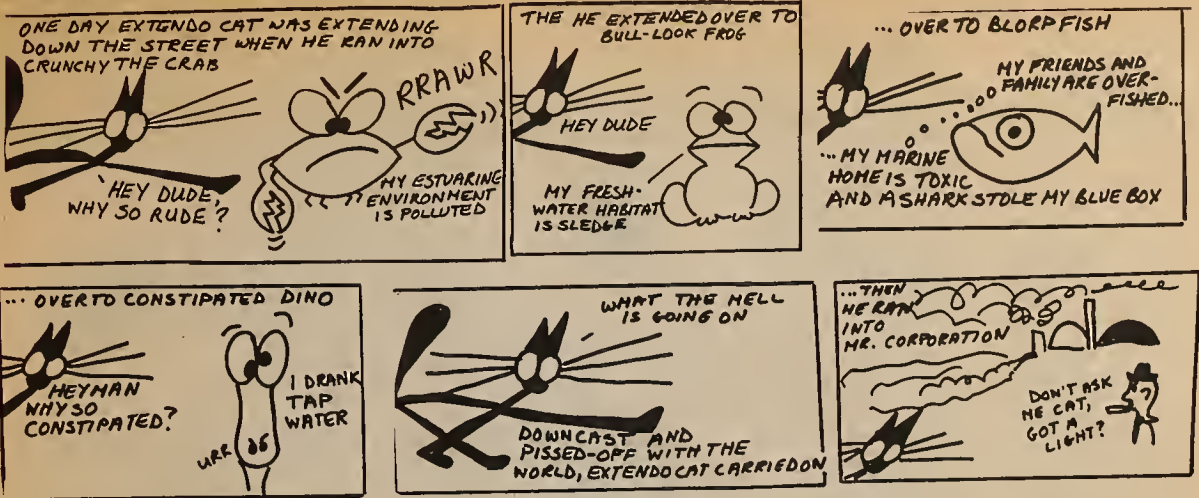
In his article, Gwyn reduces Global Warming to a "runaway

best-seller", claiming that the insignificant temperature increase to date of three degrees Celsius is a result of a "temporary change in solar activity." I agree that uncertainty accompanies the many predictive greenhouse models, but most scientists insist that enough greenhouse gases have been emitted into the atmosphere to cause a sea-level rise considerable enough to flood many major coast-lines and heavily populated cities. Global warming will adversely affect some areas, while benefiting others. The whole phenomenon is complex and incorporates a number of cause and effect relationships. However, a significant global temperature increase will affect agriculture, forestry, fisheries and navigation, all fundamental economic activities. However, the notion that economic concerns are short-term only may help to explain the financial sector's disgruntled attitude regarding the not-as-yet-apparent effects of global warming. Definitely, the greenhouse effect has been misconstrued in terms of what it really means. The exciting catastrophic reputation which global warming has built for itself has managed to cloud its true severity.

The *Toronto Star* article is entitled "Finding Fulfillment in the Need to be Green". Gwyn diminishes the environmentalist's

concern to that of a "biblical", "ethical" and "spiritual" fulfillment, claiming that the year 2000 lends itself to a sense of armageddon and, consequently, a need to re-examine our relationship with nature. I hope he is right; perhaps only guilt can clean up our act. However, Gwyn suggests that we are using environmentalism as the latest tool to do so, peace activism being the previous instrument. There is a lot of truth to his argument, but concern in any shape or form need not be criticized. Moreover, the issues do exist as real environmental problems, and not as a molehill out of which raging granola-heads can build an ethical mountain, which, in more rigorous terms, the *Financial Times* article suggests. Gwyn declares that most of our environmental problems have been solved and that "our environment hasn't been in better shape". Thanks to a lot of public and media attention, the government has been addressing the issues, and yes, Sudbury has cleaned up its act, and yes, we recycle; but, as long as acid rain falls on our precious lakes, and as long as drinking water is seary to swallow, and as long as toxic dumps leach hazardous chemicals, there will be cause for an environmental movement -- one, I'm afraid, that will outlast its fad.

The Adventures of Extendo Cat by Cheri



ASK MYRTLE for environmental advice

Dear Myrtle,
When I die, should I be cremated or buried? Which is more environmentally friendly?

Yours,
Jill.

Dear Jill,
Graveyards serve a purpose in our urban jungle, providing much-needed habitat for otherwise displaced wildlife (ie: squirrels, birds, racoons, moose). Suburban cemeteries take up good agricultural land, but nevertheless save that land from yet another shopping mall.

In Japan, where space is scarce, roads are constructed under existing graveyards. (Not a bad proposal for burying the Gardiner here in Toronto). The Japanese have had to resort to cremation, a practice which has the potential for releasing toxins into the atmosphere. If you avoid wearing polyester when incinerated, such hazards are greatly reduced.

I suggest either being cremated nude or being buried vertically, thereby taking up less space and providing a home for a rodent and food for lower forms of life such as decomposers.

Regretfully

Yours,

Myrtle

Dear Myrtle,
Are kangaroos bipedal?
Signed,
Disoriented Darwinian

Dear D.D.,
I'm afraid I cannot answer your question. I am a lazy old woman and not an anthropologist. Nor do I research anything. However, I think if everyone bicycled to work and school (i.e. pedalling) or walked (thereby being pedal), all of our environmental problems would be solved.

Myrtle



Discussion

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Kate Gets Sensual

Tombstone

The Sensual World
Kate Bush

It's been four long years since the marvellously indescribable *Hounds of Love*. Is the new album as good? Better? These are difficult questions. Like the last record, you have to be very patient, and listen to it a number of times (*Hounds of Love* completely freaked me out the first time I heard it). It is different from that previous epic in that it does not seem to have a common theme; it is just a collection of songs. However, the style of music is the same; in fact, it is as if after about twelve years of varied experiments, Kate has finally FOUND A GROOVE.

Lyrical, the songs are great -- I mean they are almost classic Kate poems, especially "Rocket's Tail" and "Deeper Understanding". I say "almost" because they are not quite as narratively interesting as "In Search of Peter Pan" or "There Goes a Tenner". But two songs, "Love and Anger" and "Heads We're Dancing", are two of her all-time best, along with, say, "Cloudbusting" or "Breathing". Kate's voice is just as beautiful, if not more intense and full of feeling than before. And while the style of music is uniform, the arrangements and melodies soar above the rest of the music industry's pathetic mundanity. This is partly due to the musicians she's got to help her: Dave Gilmour, Michael Nyman, plus a lot of Irish folk styles, and the Trio Bulgarka, who are three singers from the Bulgarian State Radio and Television Female Vocal Choir. And that means some zarking downright amazing stuff. This record is not as good as *Hounds of Love*, but it's better than just about anything else.

However, there is one thing that's very shocking. Look carefully at the cover. It really does appear that Kate has CUT ALL HER HAIR EXTREMELY SHORT. Not something I was expecting. But hey! Finally, a new Kate Bush album. I shouldn't complain.

REPUBLICAN METAL

Odin & Warren

We would like to start off each with a column-related resolution.

His: to instill form, articulate phrasing and all round softness.

His: to grace our loving public with a kinder, gentler Metal Column.

Simply put we would like to endow our readership um... Getting back to basics is... Well things have been getting complicated lately so um... Well... RIGHT! Off we go.

To start off with a simple back-to-basics two word review: "SHIT GARDEN". This review pertains to the so-called new greatest thing in Metal, since the wammy bar, "Soundgarden". This band has recieved rare reviews from such rags as Rolling Stone, M.E.A.T., and Spin, but after experiencing these lads live we would beg to differ and kindly, gently accost these writers for misleading a gullible public, fie! We can not emphasize enough the appropriateness of the aforementioned two word review.

On a kinder, gentler note, using immaculate form and softness we would like to promulgate the legend of Faith No More as a positive sign of things to come in the 90's. Astounding band, never mind their fantastic cover of "War Pigs". Now is as good a time as any to throw in the trademark, OZZY OZBOURNE RULES, subliminal message----

With this kind, gentle regression we would like establish a progression of what we feel will compose and decompose the 90's:

-- Slade will be the band of the nineties; as a result, the year 2000 will see the return of Quiet Riot as they produce excellent covers of the same tunes.

-- David Lee Roth and Kim Mitchell will perform in a Hair-Aid benefit hosted by Sy Sperling.

-- Alice Cooper will put his makeup back on as will Paul Stanley of Kiss in an effort to make teenagers love them again. Gene Simmons will refrain simply because he gets all the hot babes anyway, you know the extensive

tongue and all.

-- Every Heavy Metal musician will have his personal "I Don't Do Drugs" slogan painted on the back of his/her (as not to be sexist) Jack Daniels T-shirt.

-- Whitesnake will release an album with covers of mysterious early 80's songs to the dismay of there fans who were bred on the bands mysterious 70's covers.

-- The Metal genre in general will become kinder, gentler and softer as Country and Western picks up the slack, becoming really violent. The revolt will be heralded by waves of Hank Williams fanatics in white suits and hats wielding really big acoustic guitars.

On a concluding note, honourable mention goes out to Guns n Roses who recently did us Metal Heads a favour by keeping metal music in the doghouse of mild mannered Americans through their drunken performance at the



American Music Awards. Our warmest congratulations, keep up the good work, we love you in a kinder gentler softer sort of way.

Keep the 90's a thrashing and tune in next issue when we may have a mystery guest. Same unknown time, same unknown wavelength.

Blitz Explains Life

Blitz

A couple of days ago I overheard an acquaintance of mine talking about his musical tastes, saying that he liked the Steve Miller Band but that some people didn't respect his musical tastes because he wasn't into "punk". He gave me a sidelong look as he said this, so I presume the punk part was aimed at me. I've learned not to try to tell some people that they don't know what they're talking about musically (this was the same person who once called Public Image Limited's *Album* punk rock, by the way) so I just left the room and went to my room and put on a Lemonheads tape. While I was letting it wash over me, I thought about what my acquaintance had said, and how I would have responded if I'd thought it would do any good. I realized that the real problem was that for too many people, anything that isn't on the charts was "punk rock," and thus fit for nothing but contempt. I also realized that this was why the 80's have been roundly condemned as musically barren, an allegation that anyone with enough courage to venture underground knows is complete bullshit. I realized that at least half the problem was in the terminology that people used, and this led me to the conclusion that it would be best for all if we could bury the dreaded "punk" label forever.

Look: the word "punk" was first used to describe rock bands by Creem magazine (courtesy of Lester Bangs -- ed.) in the late 60's and early 70's. They used it to refer to bands like ? and the Mysteries (of "96 Tears" fame) and the Count 5, what we today would call garage bands: bands long on youth and enthusiasm and short on technical or artistic ability, bands that played raw, raunchy, fun music. It wasn't until bands like the Pistols and the Clash merged Ramones/New York Dolls style music with S&M style paraphernalia that the term came to be associated with safety pins and vomiting in public. And even the punks began showing ambivalent feelings towards the term as new genres like hardcore, thrash and crossover reared their heads in the early 80's.

What "punk" as a style of music implies is rudimentary musicianship, fast but not frenetic paces for songs, nihilistic decadence and a strong attraction to any kind of shock value. There are some punk bands left, including Tortoise's own *Forgotten Rebels* (whose new album, by the way, is okay but not great, so if you haven't already got it buy *This Ain't Hollywood* first), and some glam bands also fit this category, such as Shake Appeal, but the majority of what my acquaintance would probably call "punk" bands don't fit in. Levels of musicianship in the underground range from low, as in the case of the Mr. T Experience, to phenomenally high in bands like Gone or All, speeds range from slow to fast beyond belief, and decadence has largely been cast aside in favour of social, political and environmental concerns. Even more important, but perhaps slightly less obvious, is the growth in song and lyric writing abilities in underground bands. While punk bands tended to rip off 50's and

early 60's style melodies, and seemed afraid to venture beyond the most basic of chord progressions (the number of songs that the Ramones have written that don't utilize I-IV-V progressions can be counted on the fingers of one hand), bands like Soul Asylum and the Replacements have written melodies as good and complex as anything the Beatles ever wrote, with lyrics that are often far superior.

So, given the above, why do most people sneer at these bands and refuse to listen to them? Well, one reason is that they tend to play very aggressive music, heavy on the distortion and light on the pretty keyboards, and this makes those who think of Bon Jovi as hard rock nervous. (Then again, Chuck Berry, who seems completely tame nowadays, was known to arouse the same reaction from the older generation in his time.) Also, they're not content to sing about how beautiful their girlfriend is all the time, although they certainly have written their share of classic love songs, from Soul Asylum's "Endless Farewell" to the Lemonheads' "Ever" to the Replacements' "Daring One." But even in the love songs there is a grittiness and honesty that is entirely foreign to the likes of Phil Collins. This honesty pervades their other songs as well, which are as likely to deal with society's pressures and problems (for example, Operation Ivy's "Knowledge" or Husker Du's "Newest Industry") as with Socratic philosophy (Mr. T Experience's "Complicated History of the Concept of the Soul") as with



personal crises (the Descendents' "Coolidge", Bad Brains' "I"). They do not write florid, "poetic" lyrics; they write concise, powerful statements of feeling, more direct than anything Dylan ever wrote, and often deeper -- or at least truer -- than Jim Morrison ever bellowed. And the melodies they use to convey these sentiments are at times as strong as the words themselves, and at their very best have a shimmering, unearthly beauty that is only heightened by the usually aggressive backing.

Bands like these have made the 80's the best decade in rock's history, despite the fact that none of them made it to the top of the charts, and despite the put-downs by people who really know nothing about them. They aren't "punk" bands, they aren't pop bands, they're just rock bands, keep alive a musical spirit that the radio stations and record companies have done their best to murder. If you care about rock music, then throw away your Milli Vanilli and your Motley Crue, and get some of the real stuff.

ALTERNATIVE CHAOS...

with D.J.

MISHA

At the Innis College Pub
February 9
8 p.m.

Free Admission for
those in black -
\$1.00 if otherwise

I.D. REQUIRED

(Innis Pub located at
corner of Sussex and
St. George)

God is Dead as A Doorknob -- We Asked Her

15

Rick Campbell

Laura Forth is a playwright and founding member of the relatively new theatre company, Theatre Offal. Last year her debut play, *God Is As Dead As A Doorknob*, opened for a brief run at the SAC Hangar. It was theatre of cruelty for the performers as they acted for an appreciative audience while others in the bar played pinball and video games. (It's the only place you can do an event and be expected to allow the big screen carrying the hockey game to remain on while people try to dance.) Her play then went on to the Toronto Fringe Festival where it was picked with five others as Pick of the Fringe with an extra run at the Poor Alex. The show received good reviews from most papers.

Forth's first choice as a venue for this play was Innis, not the Hangar. The Town Hall, she claims, is a brilliant theatre space. Unfortunately the space seems doomed to remain a class and screening room. Forth had offered to cast Innis students only in the production as a means of reserving the space for her play. She was told the space was booked until the millennium's end. Granted there are scheduling problems here. Booking any space in this college by Innisites should be made months in advance. However, the I.C.S.S. might do well to book a couple of weeks in the hall next year for some rehearsal time and

some evening performances. Live theatre at Innis should be encouraged. Town Hall has played host to productions in the past. The merit of those productions should not be used as an excuse to prevent further exploration of what could be the campus' most exciting "empty space".

Laura Forth's new play will be at the Fringe Festival this July. We talked about that play, about Toronto theatre, about Town Hall, and about that third-rate Kiss concert of a musical, *The Phantom*.

Rick Campbell: Do you think the Toronto theatre scene is a disaster?

Laura Forth: Actually there are a lot of small companies in town that are doing innovative stuff. Augusta Company and Pea Green Productions. And Crow's Theatre.

Why did you form your own company? What's its mandate?

We're trying to break some new ground. We want to do some risky things. Things that may make some people say, "God, that was awful!" That's why the name Theatre Offal. We're admitting to the audience, "Yes, we realize this is not mainstream stuff. It might not please you."

But the reaction to your productions have been positive for the most part. Your second production, Congreve's *Love for Love*, was well received. Your own play was Pick of the Fringe.

I think what the Globe and Mail liked about *God Is Dead* is that it didn't sensationalize sex and violence. A lot of the plays at the Fringe last year did just that. We were presenting a play that was basically about ideas.

The trend in Toronto right now is towards theatre that is totally realistic. Plays that deal with people's personal psychological traumas. There's that invisible fourth wall. The audience never goes through it. Plays like *Abingdon Square*, *Blue Guitar*, *Love and Anger*... I loved *Blue Guitar*. There's nothing wrong with that kind of theatre, but it's not the only kind of theatre. The message I'm getting from the Toronto theatre community is: THAT IS THEATRE and if your script doesn't fit into that category then there's no place for you. I tried to get into the Tarragon Theatre's Playwriting Unit. Someone came to see *God Is Dead*... no way. He said it wasn't real theatre. He said, "It was really entertaining! I laughed the whole time! I really liked it! But it was too funny."

He said it was too funny?

It's not drahhmahhh.

Isn't there two types of theatre in Toronto right now? Aside from realistic drama, isn't there also the big budget import spectacles like *The Phantom* and *CATS* that generally waste beautiful theatres? Are they having a destructive effect on the theatre scene?

Not necessarily. I've heard

arguments on both sides of that question. A friend of mine said that this is the year of the big musical and yet *Love and Anger*, a Canadian play, is the longest running Canadian play in Toronto's history. Maybe if we get those people out to the theatre for the first time and they enjoy it, they'll go and see some other things.

Isn't it just as likely that if they've spent sixty dollars to see *The Phantom*, that they've no money left to see anything else? They've blown their theatre budget for the next six months. Is the sort of person that goes to *The Phantom* the sort of person person that goes to see Toronto theatre anyway?

Probably not. That kind of person is the spectacle movie-goer who gets into the hype of it all. But I think the theatre scene is booming. There's a new wave coming and I think it's being led by the people down at the Poor Alex. They are willing to take risks. They're willing to let companies break with convention.

Is there not a danger now to theatre here? We've got ministers in government complaining about funding companies like *Buddies in Bad Times* and calling for an overhaul of the Canada Council. I mean Sky Gilbert's company is doing wonderful stuff and yet some M.P. is saying we shouldn't be funding such "filth". Does the danger of the government politicizing the funding process worry you?

It probably is getting more difficult to get grants.

It seems to be an extension of the problem of theatre criticism in this country. People criticize what they either don't understand or what doesn't speak to them personally. This bonehead M.P. for instance probably thinks *Straford* is the only company deserving of money and of course it goes to tired productions with top-heavy budgets.

Critics report their own personal beliefs. For one thing they're mostly males and they do bring in to their reviews a male perspective. It poses problems for me. As a female playwright they immediately think "feminist message". They lower the value of your work from "universal message" to "feminist message". That has happened to the new Sharon Pollock play that just opened. She's one of Canada's most respected playwrights. *Getting It Straight* was trashed as "feminist polemic... male-bashing." He obviously felt very threatened by the play. If the play had been written by a male, how would his perspective have been altered? Instead of defending his own male identity he should have been examining the work itself. The danger is anyone who read that review won't come to see the show. It's so unfair to the production.

(first of two parts)

SPORTS

image of spontaneous mass orgies of spud-dunking.





Innformal

Innis College Annual Semi- Formal

March 3, 1990
Hilton Hotel
(University & Richmond)
6:30: reception
7:15: dinner
9:15: dancing
DJs: Art & Jim
"We play requests"
buy your tickets by
February 16
from Audrey Perry
in room 124
or phone: 978-4332



Hilton Hotel March 3, 1990